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T H E
MUSE's RECREATION,

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I N
F O U R P O E M S,

V I Z.

The Farewell to Summer, A PASTORAL ELEGY.

The QUEEN's Arrival, A PASTORAL.

SILENCE, A P O E M.

DEVOTION, A RHAPSODY.



J. Wale inv.

C. Gignon Sc.

L O N D O N:

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T H E

MUSEUM REGISTRATION

IN

FOUR VOLUMES

BY

The British Museum
The Queen's Museum
SILVER & GOLD
DEVOTION & FANCY



Presented to the British Museum
by the Queen's Museum
MUSEUM

T H E

Farewell to Summer,

A N

E L E G Y,

Written the Beginning of *October*.

A DIEU fair spring! adorn'd with chaplets gay,
 Ye fields and vernal landscapes all adieu,
 Bright summer and the long transparent Day,
 No more I hail the scented groves and you.

Farewell the walk where chrystal riv'lets glide,
 Where slender osiers waft the healthful gale,
 Where insects float along the silver tide,
 And silent raptures bless the fruitful vale.

Where

Where purple lawns falubrious odours spread,
 Where bushy shrubs dispense their yellow dye,
 Where round the hedge unbought perfumes are shed,
 And native beauty courts the roving eye.

Where hawthorns bud and velvet cowslips grow,
 Where verdant banks put forth the painted weed,
 Whose vivid hues eclipse the powder'd beau,
 And the proud flaunters of the park exceed.

Where solitude unfolds her matchless charms,
 And meek content assumes her happy reign,
 Where jocund plenty glads the rising farms,
 And fills the store-house of the village swain.

How fresh past pleasures dance before the mind,
 Renew'd in thought by winter's coming train,
 That now, like vapours on the broad-wing'd wind,
 Haste to deface the verdure of the plain.

Full well I see with mem'ry's wandering eye
 Each riv'let's polish'd current smoothly flow,
 See blithsome May hang pearly blossoms high,
 And richly dress the flowery meads below.

See nodding orchards wave their bloomy pride,
 See gardens grac'd with all the tints of spring;
 Enamel'd beds their tender foliage hide
 'Till genial suns a hotter season bring.

What scenes can equal summer's wide display,
 When swift *Aurora* drives her early car,
 When glowing *Phæbus* gives the blushing day,
 And sends his boundless influence afar.

How sweet to mark the flocks receive their food,
 And skip in sportive temper round the field,
 Glad to present their bleating gratitude
 For the green pasture that the meadows yield.

To hear the wakeful shepherd's homely strain
 Breathe welcome sonnets to the rosy beam,
 While slumb'ring towns in leaden sleep remain,
 And lose substantial pleasures for a dream.

To tread betimes the neighb'ring lanes, and view
 (E're scorching heat rides on the noon-tide air)
 Grass, herbs and trees distill the matin dew,
 And humble plants the liquid garment wear.

There oft at morn I tun'd the rural lay,
 And with my *Sylvia* gently stray'd along ;
 The birds sat mute on ev'ry leafy spray,
 While list'ning eccho catch'd the flowing song.

There silent mus'd on *Shakespear's* tragic page,
 Of *Milton* learnt to scale the azure road,
 Chaunted *Mæonides'* poetic rage,
 And read, Oh *Pope!* thy equal thoughts of God.

Admir'd

Admir'd great THOMPSON'S active, skilful muse,
 That in such easy numbers scans the globe :
 Such lively colours *Albion's* spring renews,
 And paints the beauties of her vernal robe.

There, when the lark began her warbling song,
 And shook her pinions for the morning flight,
 Rais'd the loud chorus of the feather'd throng,
 And tower'd beyond the farthest reach of sight.

The tuneful blackbird whistling to his mate,
 Far o'er the lonely forest thrill'd the note,
 And chearful linnets in the woods elate,
 Rejoin'd the melting music of his throat.

Our praise reap'd fervour from the gen'ral glow :
 The pious airs inspir'd the heavenly flame,
 The thrush's plaint, the cattle's meaning low,
 With grateful joy our swelling hearts o'ercame.

Nor less at eve the rural mansions please,
 Or rural virtues charm th' exalted soul,
 Whose noble powers, unsooth'd by idle ease,
 Like *Newton* grasp creation's ample whole.

In search of science, gifts unwearied roam,
 Th' illumin'd spaces of the milky way,
 Traverse th' infinitude of nature's dome,
 The earth, it's snow-top'd mountains, and the sea.

In every part discover wisdom's hand ;
 Find deity inscrib'd on all around,
 Omnipotence and love from strand to strand,
 Far as th' encircling ocean's utmost bound.

For such, O spring, thy fragrant breezes blow,
 Thy new-born flowers expand the roseate leaf,
 Thy rays, O summer! golden prospects show,
 And tinge the grain of *Ceres*' pointed sheaf.

For such mild autumn rears the shooting vines,
 Bids juicy clusters swarm the shaded wall,
 Enriching crops o'erhang her wheaten mines,
 And ripen'd fruits from bending branches fall.
 To such even winter's jarring winds convey
 The gladsome tidings of eternal peace :
 And storms and clouds that others blifs allay,
 Their hope, their strength, their fortitude increase.

ON THE
QUEEN's Arrival,
A
PASTORAL.
DAPHNIS.

*A*MINTOR, here alone we pensive trace
The change of seasons in fair nature's face;
Now bounteous *Ceres*' tinged crop is gone
From the still borders of the rural lawn:
The trees, that erst, in lovely verdure clad,
Wav'd their green boughs and fanning breezes spread,
Now blighted, scatter faded leaves around,
And with their brittle twigs and reliques strow the
ground.

Brown autumn hastes to quit the wither'd fields
Where STREPHON, blithe, the bended fickle wields,

Decay

Decay advances nightly o'er the plains,---

A M I N T O R.

Stop *Daphnis* stop, behold yon dancing swains !
 See how reviv'd the country walks appear,
 While sounds of mirth from ev'ry tongue we hear,
 What happy chance thus moves them to rejoice,
 And to the powers above direct their voice ;
 Has *France* dispatch'd the ambassador of peace,
 And bid the murmurs of her people cease.

D A P H N I S.

Amintor, no that false polluted dame
 Will not so quickly quench the horrid flame,
 Which she first kindled on the northern coast,
 And thence thro' half the *European* cities tost :
 But other matters call us to attend,
 Here *Strephon* comes, the wistful shepherd's friend,
 And by his conscious looks and hasty pace
 No trifling messages approach our place.

STREPHON.

S T R E P H O N.

Why tarry *Daphnis* and *Amintor* now
 In the lone field, when loyal shepherds go
 Far from the pastures and their fleecy droves,
 To grace the fine procession as it moves.

A M I N T O R.

What fine procession draws them from the fold,
 And who the party they so worthy hold,
 As thus to leave the flocks and lowing droves,
 And guard their carriage as it grandly moves.

S T R E P H O N.

How could th' important news escape your ears?
 Heard in the signal ev'ry moment bears
 And seen by the gay sign that ev'ry steeple rears. }
 Hark! from afar the rumbling cannons roar
 "Blest CHARLOTTE's safe arriv'd on *Albion's* shore:"
 Proud streamers now their painted breadth display,
 And sparkling gladness beams upon the day;
 Loud eccho sends the joyful tale abroad,
 While eager crouds bound on th' encumber'd road.

D A P H N I S.

D A P H N I S.

And are the wish'd for tidings come at last,
 So long retarded by the western blast,
 Then here let pleasure roll her silver tide,
 No fullen gloom my chearful spirits hide,
 But thou, *Amintor*, string thy rural lyre,
 And shew the ardour of poetic fire.
 Let sacred harmony exalt the lay,
 And music's charming voice salute the welcome day.
 Thy muse is sweeter than the night-bird's throat,
 Thy song more lively than her strongest note :
 To form thy lays *Sicilian* nymphs conspire,
 And when thou sing'st the feather'd tribe admire.
 Now then begin to wake the heaven-born strain,
 And swelling rapture shall enchant the plain.

A M I N T O R.

Was my heart barren as the frozen soil,
 My numbers languid like the stagnant rill,
 When stern *Aquarius* chilling winter sheds,
 And starves the foliage of the dew-fed meads,

This

This gladsome news would secret life impart,
 And give new motion to my torbid heart;
 The wonted warmth of my cold nerves revive,
 And make the drooping springs of action live.

At length th' imperial hand that holds the fway
 Of three vast empires heaven, earth and sea,
 That awful rules, alike in air, on land,
 And keeps rough *Boreas* at his dread command,
 Has gently wafted *Albion's* blooming queen,
 O'er *Neptune's* kingdom smiling and serene;
 She, the bright darling of the nation's love,
 Whose charms the monarch and his subjects move.
 Hence jubilee sits pleasant at the helm,
 And sportive mirth diverts the joyous realm;
 Th' aspiring throngs in countless numbers meet,
 And hail their much-lov'd sov'reign's bliss compleat.
 Whose far spread fame, still more renown'd shall rise
 In spite of *Gaul* and all her base allies.
 Tho' war's broad flame has scorch'd the fertile ground
 And laid in ashes cities once renown'd,

That

That now no more a pompous aspect wear,
 Nor shall again their former strength repair.
 Tho' fiery terrors fly from strand to strand,
 And rapid balls uprear the ravag'd land,
 Through trembling nations death is swiftly hurl'd,
 And *Mars'* dread thunder frightens half the world ;
 Yet happier times the wand'ring muse descries,
 When peace descends propitious from the skies.
 The placid nymph her olive garland bears,
 And to adorn the smiling globe appears :
 Then the green haunts a fresher scent shall yield,
 And purer whiteness deck the daisied field,
 More beauteous blossoms grace the flow'ry thorn,
 And softer voices hail the purple morn.
 No starving reapers shall the harvest leave,
 Nor weeping maids their absent lovers grieve.
 No trickling tears their chrystal eyes assail,
 Nor inward sorrow turn their roses pale ;
 But rest and joy th' exulting vales shall chear,
 And swains their lambs and tender fatlings rear.

Then fair religion shall ascend her throne,
 Her sable garment and forsaken moan
 No longer see, but rob'd in light shall shine
 Clear as the polish'd treasure of the mine.
 Then truth delighted oft shall deign to stray,
 And lead the sylvan muses on their way.
 Celestial science crown'd with circling bays
 Again her vot'ries from oblivion raise:
 Divine philosophy majestic tread,
 And love and virtue walk the velvet mead.
 But now no more, for see! the sun is down,
 And evening twilight dims the dusky town.
 The plaintive redbreast ends his lonely note,
 Seeks the thatch'd roof, and rests his labour'd throat.
 The grazing herd and shepherd's fleecy care,
 Now shun the dampness of the falling year.
 Let's to the village haste, and thither own
 The royal grandeur of the *British* throne.

S I L E N C E:

A

P O E M.

Celestial power, whose heavenly influence calms
 The tumults of the mind, removes the fierce
 Annoying tempest, from the troubled soul,
 And ushers in repose; sweet source of joys
 Serene and solid, deign to visit now
 The secret mansion of my roving thought,
 And hush the sound of blust'ring passion, while
 The muse dwells on thy worth, extend thy aid,
 Thy sacred aid, that raises man from earth,

C 2

And

And sends on *Contemplation's* soaring wing,
His pure elated spirit to the skies.

Hail peaceful daughter of th' omnific word,
Primæval offspring of the deity * ;
From *thee* and *Solitude* thy constant friend,
Mankind's innumerable train derive
Their portions of unfullied joy below,
When far abstracted from the city's throng,
The crowds of bus'ness and the noise of toil,
They rove thro' lonesome paths in quest of thee
O silence! ever welcome to the sons
Of truth and virtue;--thou, who oft descend'st
To crown their solitary hours with peace,
And cheer their souls with harmony sublime.
Beneath thy solemn sway instruction thrives,
And plants her salutary maxims deep;
Makes more impression on the yielding heart,
Than

* *Milton* begins the Creation with Silence.

Silence ye troubled Waves; and thou Deep, peace.

Than the fam'd strength of *Oratory's* charm.
 Thou guid'st the pensive wanderer, who loves
 To range all nature through, and scan her works
 (Or his from whom all nature borrows life)
 Exhibited around in earth, in air,
 In ocean, or the wide stretch'd canopy
 That glows with brilliant glories, and holds forth,
 Various and vast amazing strokes of power.
 Blest with thy reign, the long sequestred sage
 Explores the mystic parts of science, dives
 Deep in the human heart, surveys the source
 And spring of every act; leads on his life
 His philosophic life, in calm repose,
 Such as the noisy multitude ne'er feel.

O lovely maid, companion of my breast,
 At whose approach confusion is dispers'd,
 And every gale of passion quite expell'd,
 Let me obtain an unmolested view,
 From day to day, of all my darling scenes;

Let

Let me enjoy thee in a swift return
 Of sweet, enliv'ning, happy, tranquil hours,
 Like those, when, seated in the verdant grove,
 I view'd mild evening's dusky shades o'erspread
 The imperfect gleams of *Sol's* departing light;
 Imbib'd the fragrance of the od'rous meads,
 Where *Flora's* blooming carpet deck'd the ground,
 And mark'd fair *Cynthia's* progress from the east,
 Attended with innumerable orbs
 That sparkled brightness in the hemisphere,
 And with the brilliance of nocturnal rays
 Illuminated all the silent vale.
 Thy balmy influence then possess'd my soul,
 Rais'd harmony within, gave instant birth
 To admiration of the pleasing scenes,
 And wak'd the lofty strains of praise to him
 Who spoke to Being, and upholds all worlds.

DEVOTION:

A

RHAPSODY.

*J*EHOVAH's mercies claim a grateful lay,
Attend ye natives of eternal day!

Let your blest voices join th' accepted song,
And while you live th' angelic notes prolong!
Ye spotless ministers, seraphic choir,
Wake the soft numbers of the warbling lyre,
Your golden lutes for his great praise prepare,
Creation, round, the lofty theme shall hear,
The blissful mansions shall the strains applaud
And echoing thrones dispatch the sound abroad.

When

When on his mandates thro' the heavens ye fly,
 And bear the sov'reign word from sky to sky,
 Or with his chariots skim the empyreal plain,
 Swift as the light'ning, countless as the rain,
 From zone to zone the glorious subject sound,
 Tell the blue concave to its farthest bound
 That all her flaming worlds must mix their praise,
 And vocal incense to JEHOVAH raise.
 Thou burning ball extend a brighter ray,
 Thy ruler wills it and thou must obey.
 Let fruitless isles a warm refulgence feel,
 And in those isles his endless honours seal.
 Thee! from the dust, th' almighty former made,
 And splendid lustre darted on thy shade.
 Here shine, he said, afford the world below
 Productive influence and my glory show.
 Hence distant climates shall their God revere,
 And the wild desarts learn my righteous fear.
 Thy maker's wisdom tremb'ling *Cynthia* teach,
 As thy pale beams the hoary ocean reach.

To mountains, vales, and midnight shades proclaim,
 The might, the pow'r, and greatness of his name.
 Ye spheres that roll harmonious, chaunt his praise,
 Who from dark chaos struck creation's blaze,
 Who first gave motion and assign'd your place,
 For ever fixt, in nature's circling space ;
 He at one glance your ample number sees,
 Observes your bulk, position and degrees ;
 Eyes moving orbs with moving orbs combine,
 To gain the purpose of his vast design.
 Praise him ye streams that cloud the azure sky,
 Adore, extol, his wond'rous majesty :
 He pours you forth, o'er famish'd landscapes still,
 And makes your floods the falling rivers fill.
 Thus while th' omnipotent is sung on high,
 And pealing plaudits pierce the vaulted sky,
 Thy choicest off'rings and oblations bring
 O earth! ascend devotion's sacred wing,
 Bid fields and groves their early concert play,
 And man's whole offspring timely thanks repay.

Each rising day its jocund train employ
 In pious oraisons and godlike joy ;
 Flocks, herds and vallies join th' applauding morn,
 And the same subject fill the breathing horn.
 So, when at first celestial princes sung,
 And the young planets with new praises rung,
 The unknown music charm'd the list'ning stars
 And ravish'd *Eden* learnt the tuneful airs.
 Flow smooth ye briny surges of the sea,
 Your ruler comes, before him sweep the way,
 His goodness murmur round the sandy shore,
 The rocks and scaly monsters shall adore.
 But if his wrath the guilty islands shake,
 And the land's vice tremendous judgments wake,
 Your foaming billows lift above the clouds,
 O'er shoals and mountains drive the wat'ry crouds,
 Show *ETHIOPIA*'s swarthy race his ire,
 And let the heathens ponder and admire :
 High tow'ring *CAUCASUS* before him nod,
 And *ATLAS*' frozen hills confess the god.

Thou red'ning sign, unmeasur'd Bow, disclose
 The blushing colours of the op'ning rose,
 The grand pavilion stately dome adorn,
 Where oft on whirldwinds the just king is borne.
 Thy mingled dyes he dropt amidst a cloud,
 And bade the several hues together croud.
 The ruddy border inmost graces hold,
 The green, the violet-purple, and the gold.
 Hence catch the glow, ye torpid sons of earth,
 Here be your long-lost ardor rous'd to birth.
 Say, for our peace the hand divine hath fixt
 This lengthen'd arch its different tincture mixt;
 Extended wide amid the ambient air,
 Lively, unfading, and as ever clear;
 Not rolling years its beauties have decay'd,
 Nor clouds deform'd, nor storms imperfect made,
 But like the sun unfully'd it remains
 Proof against tempests, hail, and rapid rains.
 And long as this thro' time and storms endures,
 Or the sun's heat an annual crop matures.

Yea when the sun, and stars, and rainbow fall,
 And only light ætherial radiates all,
 Shall the loud chorus of archangels live,
 And the world's author grateful praise receive :
 Silent of him no seraph shall be found,
 No lute or harp deny th' extatic sound,
 No swift wing'd cherub from his worship stray,
 Nor white-rob'd angel cease the debt to pay :
 But endless anthems shall the saints employ,
 And one immortal object be their lasting joy.

The E N D.